

TELL THEM YOU SAW IT IN THE NEWS-BULLETIN

THE NEWS-BULLETIN

Vol. No. 42 46

Mokena, Illinois, Friday, June 22, 1923

\$1.25 per Year

FOG CAUSES BAD AUTO WRECK

Impact throws Girl Thru Windshield Cutting Her Badly

The heavy fog of Saturday night caused a quite serious auto accident on the highway near the Henry Koehler farm. Frank Mancke with a young lady friend from Chicago were returning from a barn dance and were on their way home when the heavy fog prevented Mr. Mancke from seeing a curve in the road ahead and the car left the road landing in the ditch. The force of the impact threw the young lady head first thru the windshield. She was badly cut about the head and face, five stitches being taken to close the wounds. She was taken to her home in the city. She is said to have been in a quite serious condition. Mr. Mancke also suffered bruises, but escaped serious injury. The car was badly damaged.

Mildred Andres of Tinley Park Is A June Bride

The home of Conrad Andres was the scene of a pretty home wedding last Wednesday when their daughter Mildred was united in marriage to Clarence Bettenhausen.

The ceremony took place in the evening at seven o'clock, the Rev. B. E. Zeuner of the Tinley Park German M. E. church performing the ceremony. The bride was beautifully attired in light grey georgette crepe and carried a bouquet of white carnations. The bride was attended by Miss Florence Bettenhausen as the maid of honor, while Charles Roemer acted as best man. Miss Erna Solden played the wedding march.

Following the ceremony a bounteous wedding feast was served. The young couple will stay at the home of the bride for the present. The good natured crowd who came to chavari them helped to show how popular the young couple are. All wish them a happy journey thru life.

Tinley M. E. Will Hold Picnic

On the Fourth of July the Sunday School picnic of the German M. E. church will be held at the home of Conrad Andres. All kinds of eats and amusements will be there beside the usual races for the children with prizes, at 2 p. m. Come and bring your friends and spend a sane 4th.

Palos Park News

The Palos Improvement Club will give a dance and vaudeville show on Saturday evening, June 23rd.

Katherine Brenner who underwent an operation lately is home and doing nicely.

The McKeen family are out for a few weeks. The boys are out of school.

Mrs. F. Swanson returned last Wednesday from the Burnside hospital and is recovering nicely. The Parent Teachers association of District 118 had a parent teachers meeting Thursday afternoon. A delightful little program was given by the galore pupils and ice cream and cake was served. All the mothers attending had a very delightful afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Yunker have purchased the house formerly owned by Mrs. Nelson of Chicago, on 80th Ave. and 123 street next to the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Traub. A shower was given Thursday night at the home of Wm. Teason on Miss Esther Hermanson of Chicago. The bride-to-be received a nice assortment of gifts, that were fully appreciated. Esther and the groom, Leonard Teason, will be united in the holy matrimony Saturday June 23 at the bride's home.

Jeremiah Quinn graduated Thursday morning from Morgan Park Military Academy with high honors. Palos has every reason to be proud of a young man of his ability.

Mrs. A. Robson was the guest of Mrs. F. Yunker Tuesday.

The Presbyterian church of Englewood will hold a picnic in the Forest Preserve next Tuesday. Services will be held at the Palos Presbyterian church afterwards.

Bobby Dunlap is ill with diphtheria, but is showing signs of improvement.

The school picnic of District 121 was held Sunday in the woods near Andrew Cures place. A delightful time was had by all.

The Palos Athletic Team gave a dance Saturday evening at the Palos Improvement Club House. Owing to so much going on it was quite a success.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Robeson and infant daughter Marjorie of Chicago were guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Robson. Miss Myrtle Pantke of La Grange was a week end guest.

The Palos Athletic Team defeated the Worth baseball team by a score of 17-0.

The Palos Park baseball team played the Kershaw Grammer school Sunday and were defeated by a score of 18-14.

Mrs. Star of Chicago spent two weeks with the Macaulay family.

Irene Mitchell and Lincoln Ma-

Tinley All Set For Big Celebration

The stage is all set now for the big municipal street carnival to be held at Tinley Park Saturday night of this week. There will be side shows and many other features. Dancing on the new concrete road will be the big feature. This will be the biggest day Tinley Park has had in many a year. Everyone is welcome to attend.

Mrs. Harnack Dies, Aged 81 Years

Mrs. Carl Harnack, 81 years old, died last Thursday morning at the home of her son, Henry. Mrs. Harnack had been ill for several months. She is survived by her husband and three sons, Henry and Fred of Frankfort, and John of Green Garden.

Frankfort Assessor Gives Figures

Assessor Joe Kohl of Frankfort township has prepared the following exclusive report for the News-Bulletin regarding certain statistical figures of special interest to the residents of this township:

Total number of dogs in the entire township 140; in the village of Mokena 19; in the village of Frankfort 11; total assessed land valuation \$1,291,450.00; total assessed lot valuation \$262,650.00; railroad ties and materials \$4,300.00; personal property tax \$398,980.00; the total assessed valuation of all property in Frankfort township is \$1,957,380.00. The real estate assessed valuation for 1923 is \$150,530 lower than 1922.

Orland M. E. Church Observes 25th Birthday

The following is the program of the 25th anniversary service of the Orland M. E. church:

Prelude: "Holy, Holy, Holy" Mrs. M. H. Neumeier.

Hymn—"Hiding in Thee" Prayer

Choir Song—"Psalm 146. Glory Patri.

Scripture Matt. 5:1-16.

Response—"Trust in the Lord". (M. H. Neumeier)

Solo—(Selected) by Wm. Seabrook. Announcements

Talks—"History of the Orland Park M. E. church" "Early History" Dr. W. R. Schuessler. "Later History" Mr. J. G. Loebe.

Offering

Quartet—"Lift Thine Eyes". Arr. from Mendelssohn. Mr. and Mrs. L. Kay, Miss Helen Schuessler and Mr. Clarence E. Beagley.

Sermon—Rev. W. C. Barclay former pastor of the Orland M. E. church and now associate editor of Sunday School Literature of the M. E. church.

Solo—(Selected) Mr. Ernest Evans Greetings from former pastors.

Hymn—"All Hail the Power of Jesus Name" 197.

Benediction.

Worth

"Young Doctor Divine" and the supplementary numbers on the program were enthusiastically received by a full house at the M. E. church Friday evening, and the entertainment was considered a huge success.

On Sunday evening, June 24, beginning at 7:30 a song service will be held at the church. Everybody welcome.

cauly spent Sunday in Aurora.

Ruth Pashley was taken to the Englewood hospital last Wednesday and was operated on for appendicitis. Dr. Langer performed the operation.

Mrs. Larimore of Tinley Park, Dies

Mrs. Raymond Larimore of Tinley Park who has been ill the past week died quite suddenly Wednesday morning at one o'clock. The deceased attained the age of 23 years and 6 months.

Mary Fredicia Louise Larimore daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schultdt of Bremen township, was born in Bremen township, December 17, 1899. The late Rev. W. Krebs confirmed her at the Bachelors Grove Church, March 16, 1913. She entered the state of holy matrimony on August 20 1922 with Raymond Larimore, which union was blessed with a son born April 11, 1923. The infant was christened at the coffin of his mother on Thursday of last week and named Harold Raymond. The deceased enjoyed excellent health until her last sickness.

The funeral services were held last Friday from the home of the deceased's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Schultdt to the Bachelors Grove Lutheran church, Rev. Wm. Greve officiating. He based his remarks on Ps. 4:14 in the German sermon while the wedding text Ruth 1:16-17 was used in a very striking manner for the English funeral sermon. A great concourse of relatives and friends attended the services. Burial took place in the Bachelors Grove Lutheran cemetery.

The deceased is survived by her deeply bereaved husband and infant son, her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Schultdt, Mrs. August Yunker, Mrs. Minnie Bettenhausen, three sisters and a four brothers Charles, Jr., William, Frank and Harold.

News and Notes of Frnnkfort

Joseph Proctor and a pianist will give a concert June 29. It will be given under the auspices of the Epworth League. The proceeds will be used for the institute fund.

The Home Improvement club will meet Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock in the home of Mrs. Frank Folkers.

Sunday afternoon the Colored Giants of Chicago Heights and the Frankfort team, played on the Marti diamond. The game was won by Frankfort with a score of 6 to 0.

Mrs. La Hue entertained the Pinockle club at her home last Thursday afternoon. Pinockle was played at three tables. The awards went to Mrs. Frank Cheny and Mrs. Dora Neiland.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Balchowsky and son, and Mrs. Prepleck and sister, spent a few days last week at Starved Rock.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Heisner and Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Folkers have left for Michigan, where they will spend a few weeks.

Dr. and Mrs. Hedges left Monday for St. Louis, where they will visit relatives for a few weeks.

Tinley Park R. N. A. Honors Bride

The Tinley Park R. N. A., had a delightful gathering at the Woodman hall on last Wednesday night. Mrs. Gorman, head R. N. A., from Chicago was present and gave a very interesting address. Following the meeting a party and banquet was held in honor of Mrs. Norman Wyman, formerly Emily Funck. She was presented with six cut glass sherbert glasses by the lodge. Following this the banquet took place. The husbands of the members were invited and all had a most delightful time. Bunco was the pastime of the evening and prizes were awarded. Frank Francis well known Tinley Park mail carrier captured an angel food cake and he had a hard time to hold on to his prize as everyone wanted to taste it.

Mildred Hacker A June Bride

A pretty June wedding was solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Hacker in Mokena Saturday afternoon at three p.m., when their daughter Miss Mildred became the bride of Henry Shevlin. Rev. Wm. Kreis of the St. Johns Evangelical church performed the ceremony.

The bride was attired in white plisse crepe trimmed with silk lace and carrying a bouquet of brides' roses. She was attended by Miss Florence Shevlin, sister of the groom. Miss Shevlin was attired in pink taffeta and carried pink roses. The groom was attended by the bride's brother, Ralph Hacker. The ring ceremony was used.

The rooms were decorated with pink streamers and flowers. The bridal couple were married in the living room beneath a canopy of pink and white streamers radiating from a large white wedding bell. The bridal couple received many beautiful gifts.

Following the ceremony a wedding dinner was served. The newly weds will go to house keeping in their new home which the groom purchased from the bride's father. The groom is in the employ of the Rock Island in Chicago.

TINLEY PARK

The annual School Picnic of the Bachelors Grove Lutheran church will be held next Sunday June 24 at the church grounds.

The Powers-Thompson Construction Company is busily engaged in moving their local camp to Gardner where they will start work on a new concrete road.

Rudolph Detwiler who has been attending the Blue Island high the past four years, graduated with high honors last Thursday night.

Rudolph Detwiler is in the employ of the Vogt store.

George Lorenz is serving on the jury in Chicago. Dick Bruening is running his place of business for him during his absence.

Mokena Harness Shop Closes Out

Albert Hellmuth is going to close out his harness business in Mokena next week. He will sell all his stock and fixtures at a public auction next Wednesday evening. Read his adv. in this weeks issue.

NOTICE

Contract to be let to lowest bidder for grading and filling 144th street, placing 8 inch tile; also on 145 street and Woodlawn, placing 18 inch tile in Peoples Subdivision Orland Park, Illinois. June 24 at 2 P. M. See Mr. Kraemer.

Three Fined in Canada Thistle War

John F. Schultz, Canada Thistle Commissioner of Frankfort Township is waging war on this obnoxious weed and is also bringing pressure to bear on all the farmers and other land owners in the township to cut these thistles. He is enforcing the law to the letter. He has arrested and fined three violaters, assessing each a fine of \$25 and costs. Mr. Schultz is going to make a regular cleanup of the thistles while he is in the office.

Mokena To Have City Streets

Mokena is putting on city airs as all of its gravel streets are to be surfaced with a composition resembling asphalt. A big steam roller with a searifier attachment has been used here all week in ripping up the old streets. Crushed stone is being spread on these streets which will be rolled and then treated to a coating of hard tread. This will make the streets look like city streets and it is claimed they will stand up under the strain of heavy traffic.

A CORRECTION

Thru a typographical error in the display adv. of B. Balchowsky & Sons of Frankfort appearing in last week's issue the price per barrel on Schreiber's flour was quoted at \$7.50 when it should have read \$7.15. This firm announces that the price on this flour has been reduced to \$7 a barrel.

Let Road Jobs

Last Saturday Commissioner Wm T. Beagley, of Orland Township let out three road jobs. Henry W. Voss of Joliet and Mr. Jaeger of Chicago Heights were the successful contractors. The Lincoln Stone Co., of Joliet got the contract for furnishing the stone. The new improvement will cost about \$9,000.00.

News-Bulletin Installs Linotype

The News-Bulletin has found it's news matter, advertising and printing increasing so much of late that it was impossible to handle all this matter in the old hand set way, consequently a model 5 two magazine Mergenthaler linotype has been installed the past week to facilitate the handling of this business. The items and news matter in this issue have been set on the new machine. We hope to be able to handle more items from the surrounding towns and to give the readers a still more interesting and instructive paper.

A Willing Worker

Money is always ready to earn you more money when given the opportunity. We furnish the opportunity. Perhaps you had better ask us about it.

Mokena State Bank

Capital \$25,000.00
Surplus \$22,000.00

DIRECTORS:

Christ Bechstein, President
Herbert Moriarty, Cashier
George J. Hacker
Charles F. Schunhl
Emil P. Krapp, Vice-President
W. H. Bechstein, Secretary
George McGovney
Henry J. Schlutz
William C. Wunderlich

SELF RELIANCE

is an asset of every successful man in the business world to-day. Some men are born with a lot of self-reliance, and other men have had to cultivate it.

One of the easiest and surest ways of becoming self-reliant is to start NOW, and save a certain amount every week, or month, till you have a tidy sum in the bank.

The possession of a bank account will give you more confidence in yourself than you ever had before, and you will be better equipped to meet your everyday problems.

The Orland State Bank

The STRENGTH of the PINES

THE KILLER CHEATED

SYNOPSIS.—At the death of his foster father Bruce Duncan, in an eastern city, receives a mysterious message, sent by a Mrs. Ross, summoning him peremptorily to southern Oregon—first, meet "Linda." Bruce has vivid but baffling recollections of his childhood in an orphanage, before his adoption by Newton Duncan, with the girl Linda. At his destination, Trail's End, news that a message has been sent to Bruce gets to Simon Turner. Leaving the train, Bruce is astonished at his apparent familiarity with the surroundings, though to his knowledge he has never been there. On the way Simon warns him to give up his quest and return East. Bruce refuses. Mrs. Ross, aged and blind, reveals to him with emotion. She hastens him on his way—the end of "Pine-Needle Trail." Bruce finds his childhood playmate, Linda. The girl tells him of wrongs committed by an enemy clan, the Turners, on her family, the Rosses. Linda, captured by the clan, was sold to the Rosses, and the family with the exception of Aunt Elmira (Mrs. Ross) and herself, wiped out by assassination. Bruce's father, Matthew Folger, was one of the victims. His mother had fled with Bruce and Linda. The girl, while small, had been kidnapped from the orphanage and brought to the mountains. Linda's father had deeded his lands to Matthew Folger, but the agreement, which would confute the enemy claims on the property, had been lost. Bruce's mountain blood responds to the call of the blood-feud. A giant tree, the Sentinel Pine, in front of Linda's cabin, seems to Bruce's excited imagination to be endeavoring to convey a message. Bruce sets out in search of a trapper named Hudson, a witness to the agreement between Linda's father and Matthew Folger. A gigantic grizzly, known as the Killer, is the terror of the vicinity. Dave Turner, sent by Simon, bribes Hudson to swear falsely concerning the agreement. The Killer strikes down Hudson. Bruce, on his way to Hudson, wounds the Killer, driving him from his victim. Hudson, learning Bruce's identity, tries to tell him the hiding place of the agreement, but death summons him. Dave decoys Linda and Aunt Elmira from their home. The man insults Linda and is struck down by the aged woman. Elmira's son has been murdered by Dave, and at her command, after securing binding the desperado, Linda leaves them alone. Returning, Bruce finds a note, apparently from Linda, telling him she has been kidnapped by the Turners. Bruce falls into Simon's trap, and is made prisoner. Clinging to Bruce with attempting to reopen the blood-feud, the clan leaves him, bound, in a pasture on the spot where the Killer had slain and half eaten a calf the night before. Bruce, helpless, awaits arrival of the Killer and death. Simon makes Linda an offer of marriage. The girl refuses, telling him she loves Bruce. Enraged, the man brutally strikes her and leaves.

CHAPTER XXII—Continued.

But the curtain of this drama in the mountain home had not yet rung down. Half-unconscious, she listened to his steps. He was out in the moonlight, vanishing among the trees. Strange fancies swept her, all in the smallest fraction of an instant, and a voice spoke clearly. With all the strength of her will she dispelled the mists of dawning unconsciousness that the pain had wrought and crept swiftly to the little desk placed against the wall. Her hand fumbled in the shadow behind it and brought out a glittering rifle. Then she crept to the open doorway.

Lying on the floor, she raised the weapon to her shoulder. Her thumb pressed back, strong and unflinching, against the hammer; and she heard it click as it sprung into place. Then she looked along the barrel until she saw the swinging form of Simon through the sights.

There was no remorse in that cold gaze of hers. The wings of death hovered over the man, ready to swoop down. Her fingers curled tighter about the trigger. One ounce more pressure, and Simon's track of wickedness and bloodshed would have come to an end at last. But at that instant her eyes widened with the dawn of an idea.

She knew this man. She knew the hatred that was upon him. And she realized, as if by an inspiration from on high, that before he went to his house to sleep he would go once more into the presence of Bruce, confined somewhere among these ridges and suffering the punishment of having opposed his will. Simon would want one look to see how his plan was getting on; perhaps he would want to utter one taunting word. And Linda saw her chance.

She dropped the rifle and darted into her own room. There she procured a weapon that she trusted more, her little pistol, loaded with six cartridges.

If she had understood the real nature of the danger that Bruce faced, she would have retained the rifle. It shot with many times the smashing power of the little gun, and at long range was many times as accurate, but even it would have seemed an ineffective defense against such an enemy as was even now creeping toward Bruce's body. But she knew that in a crisis, against such of the Turners as she thought she might have to face, it would serve her much better than the more awkward heavier weapon. Besides, she knew how to wield it, and all her life she had kept it for just such an emergency.

The pain of the blow was quite gone now, except for a strange sickness that had encompassed her. But she was

never colder of nerve and surer of muscle. Cunningly she lay down again before she crept through the door, so that if Simon chanced to look about he would fail to see that she followed him. She crept to the thickets, then stood up. Three hundred yards down the slope she could see Simon's dimming figure in the moonlight, and swiftly she sped after him.

CHAPTER XXIII

The shadow that Bruce saw at the edge of the forest could not be mistaken as to identity. The hopes that he had held before—that this stalking figure might be that of a deer or an elk—could no longer be entertained. Men, as a rule, do not love the wild and wailing sobs of a coyote, as he looks down upon a camp fire from the ridge above. Sleep does not come easily when a gaunt wolf walks in a slow, inquisitive circle about the pallet, scarcely a leaf rustling beneath his feet. And a few times, in the history of the frontier, men have had queer tinglings and creepings in the scalp when they have happened to glance over their shoulders and see the eyes of a great, tawny puma glowing an odd blue in the firelight. Yet, Bruce would have had any one of these, or all three together, in preference to the Killer.

The reason was extremely simple. No words have ever been capable of expressing the depths of cowardice of which a coyote is capable. He will whine and weep about a camp, like a soul lost between two worlds, but if he is in his right mind he would have each one of his gray hairs plucked out, one by one, rather than attack a man. The cunning breed to which he belongs has found out that it doesn't pay. The wolf is sometimes disquietingly brave when he is fortified by his pack brethren in the winter, but in such a season as this he is particularly careful to keep out of the sight of man. And the Tawny One himself, white-fanged and long-clawed and powerful as he is, never gets farther than certain dreadful, speculative dreams.

But none of these was true of the Killer. He had already shown his scorn of men. His very stride showed that he feared no living creature that shared the forest with him. In fact, he considered himself the forest master. The bear is never a particularly timid animal, and whatever timidity the Killer possessed was as utterly gone as yesterday's daylight.

Bruce watched him with unwinking eyes. It might be that the Killer would fail to discern his outline. Bruce had no conscious knowledge, as yet, that it is movement rather than form to which the eyes of the wild creatures are most receptive. But he acted upon that fact now as if by instinct. He was not lying in quite the exact spot where the Killer had left his dead the preceding night, and possibly his outline was not enough like it to attract the grizzly's attention. Besides, in the intermittent light, it was wholly possible that the grizzly would try to find the remains of his feast by smell alone; and if this was lacking, and Bruce made no movements to attract his attention, he might wander away in search of other game.

For the first time in his life, Bruce knew fear as it really was. It is a knowledge that few dwellers in cities can possibly have; and so few times has it really been experienced in these days of civilization that men have mostly forgotten what it is like. If they experience it at all, it is usually only in a dream that arises from the germ-plasm—a nightmare to paralyze the muscles and chill the heart and freeze a man in his bed. The moon was strange and white as it slipped in and out of the clouds, and the forest, mysterious as Death itself, lightened and darkened alternately with a strange effect of unreality; but for all that, Bruce could not make himself believe that this was just a dream. The dreadful reality remained that the Killer, whose name and works he knew, was even now investigating him from the shadows one hundred feet away.

The fear that came to him was that of the young world—fear without recompense, direct and primitive fear that grew on him like a sickness. It was the fear that the deer knew as they crept down their dusky trails at night; it was the fear of darkness and silence and pain and heaven knows what cruelty that would be visited upon him by those terrible rending fangs and claws. It was the fear that can be heard in the pack song in the dreadful winter season, and that can be felt in strange overtones, in the sobbing wall of despair that the coyote utters in the half-darkness. He had been afraid for his life every moment he was in the hands of the Turners. He knew that if he survived this night, he would have to face death again. He had no hopes of deliverance altogether. But the Turners were men, and they worked with knife blade and bullet, not rending fang and claw. He could face men bravely; but it was hard to keep a strong heart in the face of this ancient fear of beasts.

The Killer seemed disturbed and moved slowly along the edge of the moonlight. Bruce could trace his movements by the irregularity in the line of shadows. He seemed to be moving more cautiously than ever, now. Bruce could not hear the slightest sound.

For an instant he had an exult-

By EDISON MARSHALL

Author of
"The Voice of the Pack"

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ant hope that the bear would continue on down the edge of the forest and leave him; and his heart stood still as the great beast paused, sniffing. But some smell in the air seemed to reach him, and he came stealing back.

In reality, the Killer was puzzled. He had come to this place straight through the forest with the expectation that food—flesh to tear with his fangs—would be waiting for him. And now, as he waited at the border of the darkness, he knew that a strange change had taken place. And the Killer did not like strangeness.

The smell that he had expected had dimmed to such an extent that it promoted no muscular impulse. Perhaps it was only obliterated by a stranger smell—one that was vaguely familiar and awakened a slow, brooding anger in his great beast's heart.

He was not timid; yet he retained some of his natural caution and remained in the gloom while he made his investigations. Probably it was a hunting instinct alone. He crept slowly up and down the border of moonlight, and his anger seemed to grow and deepen within him. He felt dimly that he had been cheated out of his meal. And once before he had been similarly cheated; but there had been singular triumph at the end of that experience.

All at once a movement, far across the pasture, caught his attention. It seemed that some one had come, taken one glance at the drama at the edge of the forest, and had departed. Bruce himself had not seen the figure; and perhaps it was the mercy of Fate—not usually merciful—that he did not. He might have been caused to hope again, only to know a deeper despair when the man left him without giving aid. For the tall form had been that of Simon coming, as Linda had anticipated, for a moment's inspection of his handiwork. And seeing that it was good, he had departed again.

The grizzly watched him go, then turned back to his questioning regard of the strange, dark figure that lay so prone in the grass in front. The darkness dropped over him as the moon went behind a heavy patch of cloud.

And in that moment the Killer understood. He remembered now. Possibly the upright form of Simon had suggested it to him; possibly the wind had only blown straighter and thus permitted him to identify the troubling smells. All at once a memory flashed over him—of a scene in a distant glen, and similar tall figures that tried to drive him from his food. He had charged then, struck once, and one of the forms had lain very still. He remembered the pungent, maddening odor that had reached him after his blow had gone home. Most clearly of all, he remembered how his claws had struck and sunk.

He knew this strange shadow now. It was just another of that tall breed he had learned to hate, and it was simply lying prone as his foe had done after the charge beside Little river. In



The Blade Glittered; but Linda Was Afraid to Look at It Closely.

fact, the still-lying form recalled the other occasion with particular vividness. The excitement that he had felt before returned to him now; he remembered his disappointment when the whistling bullets from the hillside above had driven him from his dead. But there were no whistling bullets now. Except for them, there would have been further rapture beside that stream; but he might have it now.

The old hunting madness came back to him. It was fair game, this that lay so still in the grass, just as the body of the calf had been and just as the warm body of Hudson in the distant glen.

The wound at his side gave him a twinge of pain. It served to make his memories all the clearer. The lurid lights grew in his eyes. Rage swept over him.

But he didn't charge blindly. He re-

tained enough of his hunting caution to know that to stalk was the proper course. He moved farther out from the edge of the forest.

At that instant the moon came out and revealed him, all too vividly, to Bruce. The Killer's great gray figure in the silver light was creeping toward him across the silvered grass.

When Linda left her house, her first realization was the need of caution. It would not do to let Simon see her. And she knew that only her long training in the hills, her practice in climbing the winding trails, would enable her to keep pace with the fast-walking man without being seen.

In her concern for Bruce, Linda had completely forgotten the events of the earlier part of the evening. Wild and stirring though they were, they now seemed to her as incidents of remote years, nothing to be remembered in this hour of crisis. But she remembered them vividly when, two hundred yards from the house, she saw two strange figures coming toward her between the moonlit tree trunks.

There was very little of reality about either. The foremost figure was bent and strange, but she knew that it could be no one but Elmira. The second, however—half-obscured behind her—offered no interpretation of outline at all at first. But at the turn of the trail she saw both figures in vivid profile. Elmira was coming homeward, bent over her cane, and she led a saddled horse by its bridle rein.

Still keeping Simon in sight, Linda ran swiftly toward her. She didn't understand the deep awe that stole over her—an emotion that even her fear for Bruce could not transcend. There was a quality in Elmira's face and posture that she had never seen before. It was as if she were walking in her sleep, she came with such a strange heaviness and languor, her cane creeping through the pine needles of the trail in front. She did not seem to be aware of Linda's approach until the girl was only ten feet distant. Then she looked up, and Linda saw the moonlight on her face.

She saw something else too, but she didn't know what it was. Her own eyes widened. The thin lips were drooping, the eyes looked as if she were asleep. The face was a strange net of wrinkles in the soft light. Terrible emotions had but recently died and left their ashes upon it. But Linda knew that this was no time to stop and wonder and ask questions.

"Give me the horse," she commanded. "I'm going to help Bruce."

"You can have it," Elmira answered in an unfamiliar voice. "It's the horse that—that Dave Turner rode here—and he won't want him any more."

Linda took the rein, passed it over the horse's head, and started to swing into the saddle. Then she turned with a gasp as the woman slipped something into her hand.

Linda looked down and saw it was the hilt of the knife that Elmira had carried with her when the two women had gone with Dave into the woods. The blade glittered; but Linda was afraid to look at it closely. "You might need that, too," the old woman said. "It may be wet—I can't remember. But take it, anyway."

Linda hardly heard. She thrust the blade into the leather of the saddle, then swung on the horse.

She rode swiftly until she began to fear Simon might hear the hoof beat of her mount; then she drew up to a walk. And when she had crested the hill and had followed down its long slope into the glen, the moon went under the clouds for the first time.

She lost sight of Simon at once. Seemingly her effort to save Bruce had come to nothing, after all. But she didn't turn back. There were light patches in the sky, and the moon might shine forth again.

She followed down the trail toward the cleared lands that the Turners cultivated. She went to their very edge. It was a rather high point, so she waited here for the moon to emerge again. Never, it seemed to her, had it moved so slowly. But all at once its light flowed forth over the land.

Her eyes searched the distant spaces, but she could catch no glimpse of Simon between the trees. Evidently he no longer walked in the direction of the house. Then she looked out over the tiled lands.

Almost a quarter of a mile away she saw the flicker of a miniature shadow. Only the vivid quality of the moonlight, against which any shadow was clear-cut and sharp, enabled her to discern it at all. It was Simon, and evidently his business had taken him into the meadows. Feeling that she was on the right track at last, she urged her horse forward again, keeping to the shadow of the timber at first.

Simon walked almost parallel to the dark fringe for nearly a mile; then turned off into the tiled lands. She rode opposite him and reined in the horse to watch.

When the distance had almost obscured him, she saw him stop. He waited a long time, then turned back. The moon went in and out of the clouds. Then, trusting to the distance to conceal her, Linda rode slowly out into the clearing.

Simon re-entered the timber, his inspection seemingly done, and Linda still rode in the general direction he had gone. A curious sense of impending events came over her as she

headed on toward the distant wall of forest beyond.

Then, the clouds slowly dimming under the moon, the light grew with almost imperceptible encroachments. At first it was only bright enough to show her own dim shadow on the grass. The utter gloom that was over the fields lessened and drew away like receding curtains; her vision reached ever farther, the shadows grew more clearly outlined and distinct. Then the moon rolled forth into a wholly open patch of sky—a white sphere with a sprinkling of vivid stars around it—and the silver radiance poured down.

It was like the breaking of dawn. The fields stretched to incredible distances about her. The forest beyond emerged in distinct outline; she could see every irregularity in the plain. And in one instant's glance she knew that she had found Bruce.

His situation went home to her in one sweep of the eyes. Bruce was not alone. Even now a great, towering figure was creeping toward him from the forest. Linda cried out, and with the long strap of her rein lashed her horse into the fastest pace it knew.

Bruce did not hear her come. He lay in the soft grass, waiting for death. A great calm had come upon him; a strange, quiet strength that the pines themselves might have lent to him; and he made no cry. In this dreadful last moment of despair the worst of his terror had gone and left his thoughts singularly clear. And but one desire was left to him: that the Killer might be merciful and end his existence with one blow.

It was not a great deal to ask for; but he knew perfectly that only by the mercy of the forest gods could it come to pass. They are usually not so kind to the dying; and it is not the wild animal way to take pains to kill at the first blow. Yet his eyes held straight. The Killer crept slowly toward him; more and more of his vast body was revealed above the tall heads of the grass. And now all that Bruce knew was a great wonder—a strange expectancy and awe of what the opening gates of darkness would reveal.

The Killer moved with dreadful slowness and deliberation. He was no longer afraid. It was just as it had been before—a warm figure lying still and helpless for his own terrible pleasure. A few more steps and he would be near enough to see plainly; then—after the grizzly habit—to fling into the charge. He paused, his muscles setting. And then the meadows suddenly rang with the undulations of his snarl.

Almost unconscious, Bruce did not understand what had caused his utterance. But strangely, the bear had lifted his head and was staring straight over him. For the first time Bruce heard the wild beat of hoofs on the turf behind him.

He didn't have time to turn and look. There was no opportunity even for a flood of renewed hope. Events followed upon one another with startling rapidity. The sharp, unmistakable crack of a pistol leaped through the dusk, and a bullet sung over his body. And then a wild-riding figure swept up to him.

It was Linda, firing as she came. How she had been able to control her horse and ride him into that scene of peril no words may reveal. Perhaps, running wildly beneath the lash, his starting eyes did not discern or interpret the gray figure scarcely a score of yards distant from Bruce; and it is true the grizzly's pungent smell—a thing to terrify much more and to be interpreted more clearly than any kind of dim form in the moonlight—was blown in the opposite direction. Perhaps the lashing strap recalled the terrible punishment the horse had undergone earlier that evening at the hands of Simon and no room was left for any lesser terror. But most likely of all, just as in the case of brave soldiers riding their horses into battle, the girl's own strength and courage went into him.

The bear reared up, snarling with wrath, but for a moment it dared not charge. The sudden appearance of the girl and the horse held him momentarily at bay. The girl swung to the ground in one leap, fired again, thrust her arm through the loop of the bridle rein, then knelt at Bruce's side. The white blade that she carried in her left hand slashed at his bonds.

The horse, plunging, seemed to jerk her body back and forth, and endless seconds seemed to go by before the last of the thongs was severed. In reality the whole rescue was unbelievably swift. The man helped her all he could. "Up—up into the saddle," she commanded. The grizzly growled again, advancing remorselessly toward them, and twice more she fired. Two of the bullets went home in his great body, but their weight and shocking power were too slight to affect him. He went down once more on all fours, preparing to charge.

Bruce, in spite of the fact that his limbs had been nearly paralyzed by the tight bonds, managed to grasp the saddlehorn. In the strength of newborn hope he pulled himself half up on it, and he felt Linda's strong arms behind him pushing up. The horse plunged in deadly fear; and the Killer leaped toward them. Once more the pistol cracked. Then the horse broke and ran in a frenzy of terror.

Bruce was full in the saddle by then,

and even at the first leap his arm swept out to the girl on the ground beside him. He swung her toward him, and at the same time her hands caught at the arching back of the saddle. For the first fifty feet she was half dragged, but slowly—with Bruce's help—she pulled herself up to a position of security.

The Killer's charge had come a few seconds too late. For a moment he reared behind them in insane fury, but only his savage growl leaped through the darkness fast enough to catch up with them. And the distance slowly widened.

The Killer had been cheated again; and by the same token Simon's oath had been proved untrue. For once the remorseless strength of which he boasted had been worsted by a greater strength; and love, not hate, was the power that gave it. For once a girl's courage—a courage greater than that with which he obeyed the dictates of his cruel will—had cost him his victory. The war that he and his outlaw band had begun so long ago had not yet been won.

Indeed, if Simon could have seen what the moon saw as it peered out from behind the clouds, he would have known that one of the debts of blood incurred so many years ago had even now been paid. Far away on a distant hillside there was one who gave



For the First Fifty Feet She Was Half Dragged.

no heed to the fast hoof beats of the speeding horse. It was Dave Turner, and his trail of lust and wickedness was ended at last. He lay with lifted face, and there were curious stains on the pine needles.

And the pines, those tall, dark sentinels of the wilderness, seemed to look down upon him in passionless contemplation, as if they wondered at the stumbling ways of men. Their branches rubbed together and made words as the wind swept through them, but no man may say what those words were.

BOOK THREE

COMING OF THE STRENGTH

CHAPTER XXIV

Fall was at hand at Trail's End. The spirit of autumn had come with golden wings.

A buck deer—a noble creature with six points on his spreading horns—got the first inkling of it when he stopped at a spring to drink. The air had been chill in his nostrils, but thanks to a heavy growth of hair that—with mysterious foresight—had begun to come upon his body, it gave him no discomfort. But it was a puzzling and significant thing that the water he bent to drink had been transformed to something hard and white and burning cold to the tip of his nose.

It was the first real freeze. True, for the past few nights there had been a measure of tinkling, cobweb frost on the ground in wet places, but even the tender-skinned birds—always most watchful of signs of this kind—had disregarded it. But there was no disregarding this half-inch of blue ice that had covered the spring. The buck deer struck it angrily with his front hoofs, broke through and drank; then went snorting up the hill.

His anger was in itself a significant thing. In the long, easy-going summer days, Blacktail had almost forgotten what anger was like. He had been content to roam over the ridges, cropping the leaves and grass, avoiding danger and growing fat. But all at once this kind of existence had fallen on him. He felt that he wanted only one thing—not food or drink, or safety—but a good, slashing, hooking, hoof-carving battle with another buck of his own species. An unwanted crossness had come upon him, and his soft eyes burned with a blue fire. He remembered the does, too—with a sudden leap of his blood—and wondered where they were keeping themselves. Being only a beast he did not know that this new belligerent spirit was just as much a sign of fall as the soft blush that was coming on the leaves. The simple fact was that fall means the beginning of the rut—the wild mating days when the bucks battle among themselves and choose their harems of does.

Bruce and Linda, facing more trouble, decide never to yield.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Mr. and Mrs. Reader

Did you ever stop to think that this newspaper is YOUR newspaper? Well, it is!

The editor and all his force are working for YOU.
They want to build the kind of a paper that YOU want.
Why not help them?
What kind of news do YOU like?
What feature in the paper interests YOU most?
What features don't YOU like?
These are simple questions, but they are BIG questions with the editor.
He is spending his time and money every day and every week to make this newspaper the kind of a paper that YOU want in your home.
Why not co-operate?
If something in the paper pleases YOU, tell the editor.
If there are articles that don't interest YOU, tell him, too, and tell him why.
No two communities are alike. The editor is all the time studying his town and his people.
A word from YOU now and then would help wonderfully.
If YOU have any suggestions send them in.
This is YOUR paper. Let's make it the best paper of any community in the State.

Mrs. Fred Scheer of Frankfort Is Dead

Mrs. Fred Scheer, aged 79, well known old resident of Frankfort died Tuesday evening at the home of her son Herman with whom she had been making her home. She had been in poor health for sometime.

The deceased is survived by her son Herman and one daughter Mrs. Chas. Rahm, both of Frankfort besides other relatives. Funeral services took place Friday afternoon at one o'clock from the late home to the St. Peter's Evangelical church, Rev. Lambrecht officiating. Burial in Frankfort cemetery.

ORLAND

The first annual Sunday School picnic of the Christ Lutheran church of Orland was held last Sunday and it was a big success. Over 500 picnickers attended the affair. The eats and drinks were sold out early in the afternoon.

Nature's Provision for Owls. Owls, in addition to their eyelids, have screens that they draw, sidewise, across the eyes, to shut out the light while they sleep in the daytime.

LYRIC THEATRE

BLUE ISLAND, ILLINOIS

Evenings at 7 and 8:30
Sunday Matinee, 2 P. M.

Programme Week of June 25 to July 1st

Programme subject to change

Monday, Tuesday,
Wednesday
June 25-26-27

BEATRICE JOY

—In—
"YOU CAN'T FOOL YOUR WIFE"

Thursday and Friday
June 27-28

REGINALD DENNY

—In—
THE ABYSMAL BRUTE

Saturday, June 30

KATHERINE McDONALD

—In—
THE WOMAN CONQUERS

Sunday, July 1st

DOUGLAS MACLEAN

—In—
BELL BOY 13

GRAND THEATRE

BLUE ISLAND, ILLINOIS

Evenings at 7 and 8:30
Sunday Matinee, 2 P. M.

Saturday and Sunday
June 30 and July 1st

HARRY CAREY

—In—
THE CANYON OF FOOLS.

ALSO

A FAST SNAPPY COMEDY

THE WISE CRACKER

THIS WEEK

SATURDAY AND SUNDAY

JUNE 23 and 24

AUSTIN FARNUM

IN

WHILE JUSTICE WAITS

Also

THE LEE KIDS

in

DOUBLE TROUBLE

MUSIC BY

GRAND ORCHESTRA



FISK
TIRES

FOR SALE BY
HENTSCH, BROS.
Mokena, Ill.

OUR PRICE ON FLOUR

Is Low at the Present time and we advise you to place your order at once

WE HAVE A CARLOAD OF KING OF MINNESOTA FLOUR

Which will arrive about June 30th on which we will accept your order on at the low price of

\$7.90 Per Barrel Cash

This flour is choice Northern Wheat flour

We also offer Schreiber's Flour

which is made of choice Western Wheat at

\$7.00 per barrel Cash

Schreiber's flour we have on hand

These prices are only good up to June 25

BUY NOW AND YOU WILL BE SURE TO HAVE OLD WHEAT FLOUR

B. Balchowsky & Sons
FRANKFORT, ILLINOIS

W. C. WUNDERLICH EUGENE N. HARRIS CHAS. SONNTAG
Wunderlich, Harris and Sonntag
FUNERAL DIRECTORS
872 Cass St. JOLIET, ILL. Phone 728
WM. C. SCHMUHL, Manager, Mokena, Ill.

Must Have Other Copy. People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy after.—Goldsmith.
Postal Employees' Holidays. January 1, February 22, May and Christmas are the holidays that are given to employees of the post office department.

Takes Liniment

By Mistake

Herman Lorenz, well known Mokena farmer had an exciting experience Wednesday night. He got up during the night to take some medicine, but failing to turn on the light he grabbed a bottle of liniment and took a big dose before he realized his mistake. He was taken to a Joliet hospital. He is getting along nicely.

Boers Halt Transportation. For a long time the Boers refused permission for the construction of any railways in the Transvaal on the ground that nowhere were such circumstances mentioned in the Bible.

In the Mind of a Woman. "For it is easier to discover a white crow or the print of fishes' feet than to know what is in the mind of a woman."—L. Adams Beck in Asia.

THE OIL STOVE SEASON IS HERE

Get your meals quickly on an oil stove and keep your house cool. My aim is to satisfy my customers and I have a complete stock of the following well known stoves:

PERFECTION, SUPERFEX, NESCO, FLORENCE AND HIBBARD GIANT

Congoleum rugs always on hand at advertised prices

D. KOLBER, MOKENA

AUCTION SALE

I will sell at public auction at my place of business in Mokena commencing 8 p. m., on

WEDNESDAY JUNE 27, 1923

My stock of harness, harness supplies, shoes, auto robes, blankets, fly nets, whips, sweat pads, 2 sets of harness, a stock of good collars and other articles too numerous to mention.

TERMS CASH.

H. MORIARTY
Auctioneer

Albert Hellmuth

Ford
\$5.00
Enrolls YOU
Ford Weekly Purchase Plan

\$5.00 starts you toward the ownership of any type of Ford Car, Truck or Fordson Tractor.

We will deposit your payments in a local bank at interest. You can add a little every week. Soon the payments, plus the interest, will make the Car, Truck or Tractor yours.

Come in and get full details.

Cooper & Hostert
MOKENA

Happenings of the World Tersely Told

Washington

Prospects for a reduction of federal taxes are reported to be brighter as a result of the showing to be made by the Treasury department at Washington at the end of the fiscal year, June 30.

Prohibition Commissioner Haynes at Washington announced that regulations concerning liquor supplies for retail druggists and hospitals will be relaxed.

Imports into the United States during May amounted to \$370,000,000, while exports totaled \$319,000,000 in the same period, showing a net balance of trade against the United States of \$51,000,000, Washington reports.

The Washington chamber of commerce has sent letters to the chairmen of the Republican and Democratic national committees urging that the conventions of both parties in 1924 be held in Washington.

Henry P. Fletcher, American ambassador to Belgium, who headed the American delegation to the recent Pan-American congress at Santiago, Chile, conferred with Secretary Hughes at Washington.

President Harding reappointed Frederick I. Thompson of Mobile as a member of the shipping board at Washington.

Ambassador Harvey returned to Washington in order to remain as a guest at the White House for a few days. He will return to London on July 4.

Sporting

Michigan swept national collegiate meet at Chicago with 31 points. Brooks of Iowa set a world record in low hurdles, and six meet marks were broken.

Domestic

Seid Allaway, thirty, proprietor of a confectionery, and his wife, Helen, were found shot to death in their home at St. Louis.

A permanent airplane passenger service between Kansas City and Wichita, Kan., has been inaugurated.

Charles Johnson, sixteen years old, was sentenced to a life term in the penitentiary at Hopkinsville, Ky., for the murder of C. C. Dalrymple of Chrisman, Ill.

For the first fortnight in June 215 commercial ships passed through the Panama canal. The tolls collected, \$974,822, established a new high record.

The income of the corporation of Trinity church at New York in the year just closed was \$1,249,870, according to the year book of the parish, made public. Rentals received for real estate were \$1,138,720.

Norman Bue, twenty-seven years old, an automobile salesman, was crushed and burned to death and his bride of five weeks was injured when Bue's car was ground into wreckage between two street cars at Chicago.

The Tucker bill providing for repeal of the Severson prohibition enforcement law in Wisconsin was passed by the assembly at Madison, Wis., 39 to 85. This measure now goes to the dry senate.

Delegates have begun to arrive at Baltimore for the three-day convention of the Zionist Organization of America. Methods for rebuilding the Jewish homeland in Palestine will be discussed.

Casper Pastori, the murderer of Mrs. Elizabeth Winchell and her four-year-old daughter, Elizabeth Ann, was hanged in the county jail at Chicago, neither affirming nor denying his innocence.

"Dido," a hound owned by W. B. F. Johnson of Midlothian, Va., is believed to have established a world's record when she became the mother of a litter of 26 pups, ten more than the previous record.

Nearly \$8,000,000 has been paid by the United States government to victims of the northern Minnesota forest fires of October, 1918, according to figures given out by agents in the Duluth (Minn.) district for the United States railroad administration.

The First Christian church at Pine Bluff, Ark., installed a nursery which has an electric signal system by which the mother seated in the main auditorium may keep in touch with her baby.

The election of William Dudley Foulke of Richmond, Ind., as president of the National Civil Service Reform league was announced at Washington.

The Flagg state income tax bill was defeated by the house at Springfield by a vote of 77 to 44.

The labor board at Chicago administered public rebuke, the first the board has issued, to the Pennsylvania road, charging denial of rights to workers.

The Utah Power and Light company at Salt Lake City announced that it is planning to spend \$10,000,000 and employ 1,000 men for three years to construct one of the largest hydroelectric projects in the West.

Walter H. Barling, designer of the greatest airplane in the world, is supervising the assembling of it at McCook field at Dayton, O. The plane's wing spread is 120 feet. It will be used as a bomber.

Increases in wages granted by Pittsburgh railways to 3,000 motormen and conductors will cost approximately \$600,000 a year.

Personal

John McParland, president of the International Typographical union and well known in trade union circles throughout the English-speaking world, died at Indianapolis, Ind., of heart trouble.

Maurice Hewlett, the novelist, died of pneumonia at London.

Walter E. Flanders of Detroit, prominent figure in the automobile industry, died in a Newport News (Va.) hospital from injuries sustained in an automobile accident.

Gen. Luis Terrazas died at his home in Chihuahua City, Mex.

James Davis, a survivor of the famous Civil war battle between the Monitor and the Merrimack, died at Seattle at the age of eighty-two years.

Col. Herbert S. Whipple, son of Gen. William D. Whipple, died at New York after an operation.

Foreign

Three hundred Chinese coal miners were drowned at Tsaochwang when meddlesome soldiers cut off the electric power, stopping the pumps of the mine, according to advices received here.

Golden chains as suspenders to hold up "undies" is the latest Paris fad. Delicate chains of tiny links, like those attached to spectacles, now replace ribbons over the shoulder.

Action by American, British and Italian officials at Belgrade prevented the sending of the little entente's warlike ultimatum to Bulgaria.

Italian armored cars, raiding south-east of Benghazi in the Libyan desert, have annihilated several large parties of rebel Arabs.

A general strike of all workmen in Germany is being urged by the radical unionists following the mob demonstrations in Brandenburg.

The French occupied Dortmund's central railway station, giving them control of the rail lines leading from the coal mines in the heart of the Ruhr.

The federation of stevedores on Sunday declared a port strike at Buenos Aires, Argentina, in connection with the communist general strike. Four steamers scheduled to sail were unable to depart.

Mrs. Beula Croker, widow of Richard Croker, one-time Tammany Hall leader, was sustained by a jury at Dublin, which upheld Mr. Croker's will, in which she was bequeathed almost the entire estate.

The condition of Premier Lenin is decidedly improved, according to reports at Moscow, and his physicians are allowing him to read newspapers but refuse to let him consider official documents.

A London dispatch says thirty English steam trawlers have been equipped with radio apparatus so that one vessel in a group may call others which are near by to help take shoals of fish which are too large for a single vessel.

A radiogram received by way of Spitzbergen says that Capt. Rold Amundsen has left Dane's island on the polar expedition that he hopes will end with an airplane flight to the North pole.

Doctor Schwartzmann of the Jewish World Relief conference declared in an address at London that pogroms in the Ukraine and elsewhere in Russia had resulted in the deaths of more than 150,000 Jews.

More than 1,000 foreigners at Shanghai gave a tremendous demonstration to the six Shanghai men who were released by the Suchoy train bandits. The men are all in fair physical condition.

Li Yuan-Hung resigned as president of China. The country is ruled by the Peking cabinet.

Because the British Empire Steel corporation discharged two men at the Florence colliery, the miners in all the collieries in the Sydney (N. S.) district went on strike.

Finance Minister Stoyadinovitch told parliament at Belgrade that a mission to discuss Jugo-Slavia's war debt to the United States will be sent to America in October.

Uncommon Sense . . .

By JOHN BLAKE

AT CROSS ROADS

CROSS roads are dangerous places. In the Great War allied and German soldiers alike shunned all points where roads crossed. When a motor truck or an ambulance or an ambulance wagon neared such a point, the driver put on full speed and rushed past in the direction he had decided to follow.

There was no hesitating and wavering, backing and filling. This was because it was just as dangerous to stand at a cross roads in the combat zone as it is to stand on a railroad track. If you stood long enough at the cross roads a shell would hit you. If you stood long enough on a railroad track a train would hit you.

The cross roads of life are just as dangerous as were the cross roads in Flanders and France.

When you come to a parting of the ways, make up your mind quickly which is the right way to go, and go.

Sooner or later you will come to a situation where you can save yourself a lot of trouble by departing from your usual rule of truthfulness and telling a lie.

That is a cross roads.

If you linger at it, wondering which

way to turn, vacillating between the two courses, the chances are greater that you will take the wrong road—the road of the lie.

Your first impulse will be to take the course of truth. You will know it is the right road. Don't stand at the cross roads. Go full speed down the route you know is the right one. Next time you come to a cross roads with the same signs displayed, it will be easier to keep right on going.

And if you select the road of truth you will come to fewer puzzling corners than you will on the road to lies. It will be much easier to stay on the right road than to get back to it. Sometimes it is impossible to get back.

The same thing will be true of every road parting which you encounter. To linger there will be dangerous. To wobble back and forth between the two routes will mean that you are liable to be engulfed in a disastrous chain of circumstances before you have made your move. It is just like the soldier who stands at the cross roads until a shell searches him out and its explosion destroys him.

The armies shelled all cross roads at frequent intervals because they knew that somebody was likely to be there, either because of congested traffic or because of indecision as to which way to go.

Chief among your enemies are your own weaknesses and habits. They will deliberately attack you while you are at the parting of the ways.

Do not loiter there.

(© by John Blake.)

THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"PICNIC"

DURING the early years of the past century it was customary for those who were invited to an outdoor entertainment to bring their own refreshments. A list of what was considered necessary would be made out and passed around among the guests, and each person would agree to furnish a certain portion of the repast, the name of each article being then crossed, or nixed, off the list. For this reason, this form of what the French refer to as *afete champetre* became known as a "pick-and-nick," referring to the selection or picking of the various articles and the crossing them off upon the card, and, through the usual contraction, the central word was dropped and the term shortened to "picnic."

Though this word does not appear to have been used prior to 1802, outdoor entertainments of this nature were common during the two centuries which preceded. Mainwaring, in a letter dated November 22, 1618, describes a birthday party for the Prince of Wales, at which "every man did bring his dish of meat." "Sir George Young's invention," adds the writer, "was four huge brawny pigs, piping hot and harrowed with ropes of sausages, all tied in a monstrous bag pudding."

(© by Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

DISCONTENT

THERE are those who are continually complaining about some mysterious power which is holding them back. They begin to grumble at the breakfast table and keep airing their discontent until night, when their mood changes and they don their best clothes and hurry away for their customary frolic.

These are the individuals who pile upon the backs of humanity its heaviest burdens of unhappiness. They are always out of step, lagging behind, contentious, gruff-voiced and ill-humored.

They would like to sit in the high places, give orders, read the law of deportment to subordinates, but they lack the spirit to make themselves capable, so they keep scuffling along their gloomy way and acquiring bearish dispositions.

It involves too much work, too many deprivations of things which they con-

sider essential to their body-comfort, so they loiter along through the best years of their life, envious, unruly and wretched.

When the awakening comes, as it eventually does, they find themselves so enslaved to pernicious habits that they are powerless to break away. Their customary diversions have lost their lure. Old associates with whom they idled their precious years have disappeared. There is nothing ahead but blankness and emptiness.

Study and books are a bore. Anything that calls for thought or fixed

attention of the mind cannot be endured. They never meditate, never reach out for the great, glorious ideals which have been hovering around them all their life, begging recognition and acceptance.

If you would not be among these hapless souls when the shadows begin to lengthen, seek while you are yet in the flower of youth to improve yourself. Make the start today.

You cannot hope to achieve and attain except by hard work, long solitary hours of study and constructive reflections.

At the top there is boundless room for the faithful. The air is large and free and inspiring. The world is calling for creative thinkers, offering them her richest treasures and highest honors. Heed the call while youth flushes your cheek. Press forward, keep going and help yourself.

(©, 1923, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Mother's Cook Book

When Eve brought woe to all mankind, Old Adam called her woman. When she wooed with love so kind He then pronounced her woo-man. But now with folly and with pride Their husbands' pockets trimming The woe-man are so full of whims That men pronounce them wimmen.

SEA MOSS AND ITS USES

SEA moss or carrageen is not well enough known to any but our New England friends, who have used and enjoyed it for years. The whitish sea weed which has the pleasant tang of salt water may be gathered freely on the coast or may be purchased at stores in various places. A pound goes a long way as a substitute for gelatin, sago and rennet.

Of course in its preparation it should be carefully washed in several waters, until every individual piece is clean. Tie the moss in a piece of cheesecloth or put into a small bag, drop it into the milk and cook for a half hour, or until the sea moss is well softened. Remove the moss, add such flavoring as desired with sugar to sweeten. A

good flavor is orange, almond or caramel, while honey is also good; a plain unflavored blanc mange served with maple syrup is especially delicious. A bit of salt, a few chopped almonds with almond extract makes a dainty dessert.

Peach Pudding.

Add one-third of a cupful of sea moss to one quart of milk and cook for half an hour in a double boiler. If fresh peaches are to be used add two or three crushed peach kernels to the milk or three peach leaves. Strain and partly cool, add one stiffly-beaten egg white, four tablespoonfuls of coconut, a little salt and one-fourth of a cupful of peach jam. If fresh peaches are used add sugar to sweeten and heap the sliced peaches in the center of a dish, cover with marshmallow cream or whipped cream and surround with the blanc mange.

Nellie Maxwell
(©, 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

Unforgotten

By GRACE E. HALL

DO YOU think of me sometimes, you who went On an alien path ere our love grew cold?

Out in the spaces where you have won To the heights that you dreamed of, have you done Such deeds as have made you more content

Than you were in our love of old?

Do you think of me sometimes, where you are, And wish you had held to the other way?

Those high-flying trails—are they all you crave?

Do they yield the sweetness our young love gave?

You fastened your wagon to a star— Does it brighten your every day?

Oh! I warm my heart by that youth-time fire

When the breath of the years grows chill;

And always I wonder if you recall That white-hot flame, when the shadows fall—

Do the heights suffice for your soul's desire?

Do they warm like our first love's thrill?

Do you think of me sometimes, dear, out there,

Where the trails lead high and you longed to go?

I could not forget if I tried! I keep My faith with you ever, awake, asleep;

And sometimes I call, and it is a prayer—

Do you hear my voice on the warm night air

Ever, when soft winds blow?

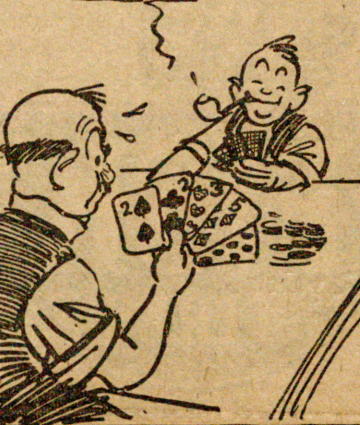
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SCHOOL DAYS



ONCE IS ENOUGH

WELL, I'LL SEE YOU— WHAT HAVE YOU GOT?



KEEPING WELL—An NR Tablet (a vegetable aperient) taken at night will help keep you well, by toning and strengthening your digestion and elimination.

Used for over 30 Years
Get a 25¢ Box

NR JUNIORS—Little NRs

Chips off the Old Block
One-third the regular dose. Made of the same ingredients, then candy coated. For children and adults.
SOLD BY YOUR DRUGGIST

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling—Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair—60c and \$1.00 at Druggists.
Hiscox Chem. Works, Patheogue, N. Y.

HINDERCORNS
Removes Corns, Calluses, etc., stops all pain, restores comfort to the foot, makes walking easy. 15c. by mail or at Druggists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patheogue, N. Y.

ALONG THE RIO GRANDE

In Texas, exploration for oil is under way. Leases that may become immensely valuable can be had for small amounts. Free map. P. N. McCULLOUGH, LARDO, TEXAS.

Hers, but Secondhand.

A woman was sitting in the park with her stepson and little daughter. Another woman stopped to watch the two children playing and asked, "Your children?"

"The girl is," was the reply.

At this Natalie looked at her mother reprovingly and said, "Why, mamma, Willie is your child, too. He's your secondhand child."

If You Need a Medicine You Should Have the Best

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain—the article did not fulfill the promises of the manufacturer. This applies more particularly to a medicine. A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been benefited to those who are in need of it.

A prominent druggist says, "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows excellent results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy has so large a sale."

According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact, so many people claim, that it fulfills almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder ailments, corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism.

You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by parcel post. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents; also mention this paper. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Advertisement.

SMALL BROTHER GOT BUSY

His Afternoon of Play Certainly Proved Embarrassing for Unfortunate Older Sister.

I was soon to be married, writes a correspondent of the Detroit Free Press, and spent a busy day among my collection of old letters, which I wanted to reread before destroying. When I took the large basket down to the basement to consign to the furnace, brother entered vigorous protest. He had just made a fresh fire, and he argued that my papers would ruin it. He agreed to burn the letters that afternoon.

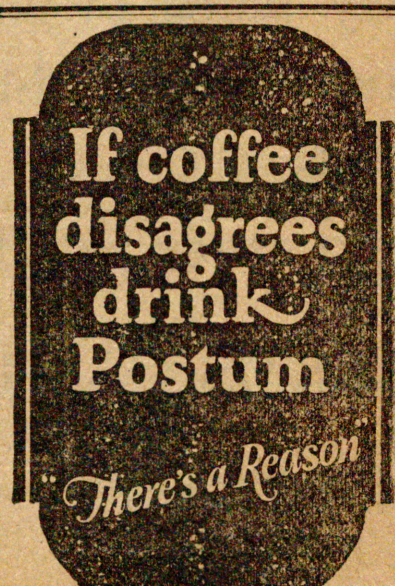
But alas and alas. Small brother and some of his playmates discovered the basket a short time later, and one of them had a brilliant idea. They would play post office. So each took an armful and proceeded to distribute my love letters in the neighbors' post boxes.

We live in a suburb, where every one knows every one else, so I'll leave it to you to picture my embarrassment when the recipients began to return my property.

His Substitute.

Strenuous Young Woman (turning down a proposal of marriage)—I must have a cave man, who, club in hand, will beat me into submission.

Young Man—Well, look here! What about a round of golf next Saturday?—London Punch.



\$200,000,000 IS U. S. SURPLUS

Government Budget Shows a Billion Dollars Saved in a Year.

AIMS AT NEW ECONOMIES

Expected Deficit of \$823,000,000 for Current Fiscal Year Is Turned to a Big Surplus. It Is Announced.

Washington, June 19.—A billion-dollar saving of government revenues during the current fiscal year ending June 30 was announced by President Harding and Director of the Budget Lord at a meeting of the business organization of the government.

An anticipated deficit of \$823,000,000, faced a year ago, in ordinary government expenditures, has been turned into a \$200,000,000 surplus of receipts over expenditures.

Appropriations for the fiscal year 1924 are \$3,706,000,000, which is \$234,000,000 less than appropriated for 1923 and \$7,825,000 less than asked for in the budget submitted to congress last December.

A revised estimate of ordinary receipts for 1924 is \$3,638,000,000. Expenditures, including \$507,000,000 for public debt reduction, are estimated at \$3,638,000,000, indicating a deficit of \$30,000,000. President Harding declared that this deficit not only must be wiped out, but the coming year must close with a substantial balance on the other side of the ledger.

For the fiscal year 1925, on which budget estimates soon will be compiled, the President called for a reduction of estimates of \$126,000,000 under the 1924 appropriations. He set \$1,700,000,000 as the maximum of expenditures, exclusive of reduction of interest on the public debt and the requirements of the Post Office department.

Mount Etna in Eruption; 30,000 Homeless in Flight

Catania, Sicily, June 19.—Thirty thousand persons are homeless and four villages wiped out following the eruption of Mount Etna Sunday, which hurled monster sheets of molten lava skyward. The volcano's red crest was still roaring Monday night. American tourists at the famous resort of Taormina, on the eastern slopes of the mountain, were terrified witnesses of the catastrophe. Five volcanic months have opened on the sides of the main cone, vomiting torrents of lava.

French Troops Take Over All Trains in the Ruhr

Essen, June 19.—France took her last step to starve the Ruhr into submission. Raiding the branch lines between Essen and Dortmund, the French troops seized 2,000 freight cars and 170 locomotives. France thus is placed in entire control of the transportation lines in the Ruhr. The railway workers have refused to run trains for France, but have been transporting food in trains which have operated over lines not yet seized by the French.

160,500 German Marks for \$1; 100,000,000 Russ Rubles

Berlin, June 19.—Berlin is buzzing with talk of impending outlaw strikes after the mark had suffered a collapse which once during the day saw it selling at 160,500 to the dollar among unofficial dealers. In pre-war days 160,500 marks represented nearly \$40,000. In Russia the dollar brings 100,000,000 soviet rubles.

Thousands of Immigrants Hammer at America's Gates

New York, June 19.—With 1,500 immigrants already waiting at Ellis Island to gain admittance under new quotas available July 1, word was brought here on the Anchor liner Cameronia that Glasgow is crowded with passengers, disappointed in June, and waiting almost at the limit of their funds to take the July ships.

U. S. Refunds to Taxpayers \$116,000,000 in 11 Months

Washington, June 19.—Progress by the internal revenue bureau in auditing and settling back taxes has run the item of refunds to taxpayers to \$116,000,000 for the first eleven months of the present fiscal year. As against this item, however, the government has collected in delinquent taxes and on false returns nearly \$400,000,000.

Wallace's Assistant Resigns.

Washington, June 19.—Assistant Secretary of Agriculture Charles W. Pugsley resigned in order to become president of the South Dakota College of Agriculture and Mechanical Arts on September 30.

Zionists Welcome Other Groups.

Baltimore, Md., June 19.—The Zionist convention adopted a resolution asking the world Zionist congress to invite Jewish non-Zionist groups to participate in the affairs of the Jewish colony in Palestine.

American Farm Bureau



From Left to Right—Guy L. Noble, Secretary National Committee of Boys' and Girls' Club Work; Miss Maude E. Sheridan, State Club Leader of Colorado; Bertha Boger, Elaine Hendricks, President O. E. Bradfute of the American Farm Bureau Federation; Beulah Rodgers, Esther Bollbaugh, Katherine Bollbaugh, John W. Covard, Secretary of the American Farm Bureau Federation; Miss Josephine Amquist, Assistant State Club Leader of Iowa.

America's champion canning club team sailed May 23 for France. A two-month's trip abroad is their reward for winning the canning contest held in Chicago last fall in connection with the first national boys' and girls' club congress.

Esther Bollbaugh, Katherine Bollbaugh and Beulah Rodgers, all three of Eddyville, Iowa, made up the first team. Bertha Boger and Elaine Hendricks of Burlington, Colorado, placed second.

Miss Josephine Amquist, state agent from Ames, Iowa, accompanied the first team and Miss Maude E. Sheridan, state club leader of Colorado, the second. The party visited Chicago for three days. While in Chicago they gave demonstrations before the extension directors of 12 northwestern states. From Chicago they went to Washington where they met President Harding and Department of Agricultural officials.

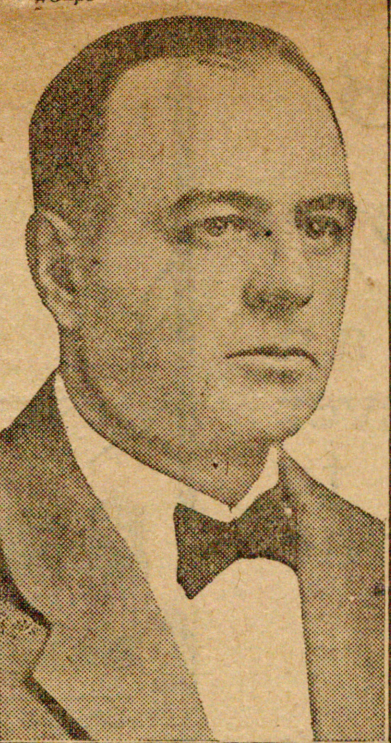
In France these American farm girls will give a series of demonstrations in canning methods. As guests of the American committee for devastated France they will visit all parts of France. They will also make a study of French cooking.

BIG BUSINESS IN LOUISIANA

Farm Bureau Federation Has Saved Members More Than \$75,000 in Three Months.

The purchasing department of the Louisiana Farm Bureau federation, through G. A. Foss, purchasing agent, has done business totaling more than \$200,000 for the first three months of 1923, and has saved farm bureau members in Louisiana more than \$75,000.

The co-operative purchases made include 5,500 tons of acid phosphate.



G. A. Foss, Purchasing Agent.

sold to the farmers at a price of \$14.25 a ton f. o. b. New Orleans, against a general market price of \$25 a ton; 2,500 tons of nitrate of soda at an average of almost \$20 a ton; and 100 tons of nitrate of lime, saving not estimated.

Mr. Foss now has a deal on for several hundred thousand rice and potato bags for the use of Louisiana commodity associations, and it is expected that a considerable saving will be made over the general market price.

FRUIT GROWERS IN MOTION

Organization Formed in Michigan With Capital of \$100,000—\$25,000 Paid In.

Co-operative fruit growers' associations of western and southwestern Michigan have organized a state fruit exchange, to be known as the Michigan Fruit Growers, Inc. Its authorized capitalization is \$100,000 with \$25,000 paid in at the start. It proposes to affiliate with the National Federated Fruit Growers, Inc.

Headquarters of the exchange are to be in Benton Harbor, with branch offices at other points where the volume of business may warrant such office.

The exchange looks forward to affiliation with the Michigan state farm bureau under the farm bureau's commodity plan of control. Such affiliation will enable the exchange to secure for its members in a more direct way the seed, purchasing, traffic, publicity, legislative, wool and organization services of the state farm bureau and to co-operate with the other great commodity exchanges in exchanging sales services and in getting together on matters of common interest.

POTATO GROWERS IN BIG NATIONAL BODY

Co-operative Plan to Market Crops This Season.

Under the leadership of the co-operative marketing department of the American Farm Bureau federation, potato growers in all sections of the nation are organizing under the standard co-operative marketing plan to merchandise their crop collectively. It is expected that enough strong state potato marketing organizations will be established this season to form a powerful national body.

In addressing North Dakota potato growers, Walton Petet, marketing director of the American Farm Bureau, said:

"We hope to have enough states organized so that we will have a strong national organization in time to have a marked influence on the marketing of this year's potato crop. We now have strong state or other unit organizations over practically the entire heavy potato-producing region of the United States. These organizations are grower-owned and grower-controlled. Standard potato marketing contracts, as prepared by our legal adviser, Aaron Sapiro, are being signed by the growers as the basis for improved merchandising of their tuber crop."

No less than ten states are organizing to market their potatoes under the Petet-Sapiro plan. The Maine Potato Growers' exchange has completed its organization campaign under the direction of S. G. Rubinow and has signed up 60 per cent of its entire production on a five-year contract.

Mr. Rubinow is now in Minnesota, where he is in direct charge of the organization campaign which will recast the Minnesota Potato exchange on the basis of 100 per cent pool for five years. Mr. Petet spent May 4 and 5 in Minnesota to aid in the potato campaign.

In western New York the Empire State Potato Growers' Co-operative association, Inc., is being organized.

W. S. Hill, secretary of the Colorado state farm bureau, is in active charge of the potato organization work in that state and is conducting a campaign to enroll all the Colorado potato growers in a state co-operative association.

Seventeen local Irish potato selling associations in eight parishes are affiliated with the Louisiana Farm Bureau Irish Potato Growers' exchange.

In Wisconsin, plans for a state potato growers' exchange have been completely outlined under the direction of Mr. Petet. The Wisconsin organization will center in Barron county.

Mr. Petet and Mr. Sapiro have been in frequent conference with the directors and officials of the Michigan Potato exchange and there is no doubt but that the Michigan growers will be ready to join the national organization as soon as it is perfected.

The eastern shore of Virginia has an efficient potato marketing organization.

500 Cars for Iowa.

Through the good offices of the transportation department of the American Farm Bureau Federation 500 cars were delivered on the Rock Island lines in Iowa the last two weeks in April for relief of grain shippers in that territory.

Good Care Will Pay.

A few chickens well cared for is better than a large flock made to care for themselves.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
Copyright, 1923, Western Newspaper Union.

LESSON FOR JUNE 24

REVIEW

Great Men and Women of the Old Testament—Devotional Reading, Psalm 99.

GOLDEN TEXT—"Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us."—Heb. 12:1.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Favorite Stories of the Quarter.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Favorite Heroes and Heroines of the Quarter.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Some Great Characters of the Old Testament.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Lessons for Today From the Lives of Old Testament Characters.

Three methods are suggested. The first method is taken from Crannell's Pocket Lessons. The general subject is, "What Twenty Centuries Teach the Twentieth."

I. The Lesson of Vision.

1. Abraham, the Pioneer—Lesson 2.

2. Moses, the Nation Builder—Lesson 4.

3. Isaiah, the Kingdom Seer—Lesson 9.

II. The Lesson of Leadership.

1. Samuel, the Foundation Layer—Lesson 6.

2. David, the Soldier—Lesson 7.

3. Nehemiah, the Rebuilder—Lesson 11.

III. The Lesson of Courage.

1. Elijah, the Reformer—Lesson 8.

2. Jeremiah, the Truth Teller—Lesson 10.

3. Esther, the Intercessor—Lesson 12.

IV. The Lesson of Character.

1. Ruth, the Woman Who Clave—Lesson 5.

2. Joseph, the Son Who Remembered—Lesson 3.

V. The Lesson of Life.

Jesus, the Summit of the Old Testament, Foundation of the New, Life of Both—Lesson 1.

The second method—Character Study. The different characters can be assigned the week before, upon which the pupils are to bring a brief essay or report giving a sketch of the particular hero.

A third method is to give a brief summary of each lesson.

Lesson 1—The truth concerning the risen Christ is the answer for all our questions and the impulse of our testimony to others.

Lesson 2—Abraham in obedience to the call of God went out not knowing whither he went. He so completely trusted God that he was willing to go all the way with Him.

Lesson 3—Though Joseph was sold into slavery because of the hatred of his brethren, God exalted him to a place of power in Egypt.

Lesson 4—Even though Pharaoh's decree was for the destruction of all the male children of the Hebrews, Moses was preserved and educated in the Egyptian court.

Lesson 5—When Ruth became acquainted with the true God, she chose to turn her back upon her native land and kindred and identify herself with God's people.

Lesson 6—Samuel was given in answer to his mother's prayer. In early boyhood his mother gave him back to the Lord.

Lesson 7—When Samuel went to anoint a new king over Israel, he had all the sons of Jesse pass before him. Although to human eyes the eldest seemed fitted to be a king, and although outer appearances were favorable, the inner reality as seen by God was against him.

Lesson 8—Elijah threw down to the people a ringing challenge, calling upon the people to decide between Baal and the Lord. The God who answered by fire was to be the true God.

Lesson 9—Upon the sight of the Lord, Isaiah was convicted of his sin. When cleansed by fire from the divine altar he heard and responded to the call of God.

Lesson 10—Jeremiah, for his faithfulness in making known the Word of the Lord, was most bitterly hated and persecuted. Though he was regarded as a traitor and put into the place of death, he remained faithful to God.

Lesson 11—When Nehemiah heard of the distress of his brethren in Jerusalem, he was moved with pity for them. Although he enjoyed prosperity, he grieved over the grave distress of his people.

Lesson 12—In the providence of God, Esther came to be queen of Persia at an opportune time to save her people. There is a definite place and purpose in every life.

Life-Force.

Life-force, which is another name for God, seeks ever for new outlets; it breaks through mind into something higher still.—G. A. Studdert Kennedy.

The Art of Pleasing.

The art of pleasing consists in being pleased. To be amiable is to be satisfied with one's self and others.—Hazlitt.

Banish Self-Conceit.

The first business of a philosopher is to part with self-conceit.—Epictetus.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER
Copyright © Western Newspaper Union

OPOSSUM THOUGHTS

"I have had some thoughts," said the Opossum who was usually called Peter 'Possum.

Everyone thought it was easier to say 'Possum than to say Opossum, and Peter didn't object in the least.

"Yes," he continued, "I have had some thoughts. In the first place, I've heard that some animals changed their ways and improved themselves.

"They said that in the olden days the horse wasn't nearly such a fine-looking animal as he is now. He has improved himself. But they said that we hadn't changed so much. Yes, it was some one who knew all about such things as natural history and nature's ways who said that. And this person also said that lizards and crocodiles hadn't changed much, either. He said we were the kind who never changed and liked old-fashioned ways. Well, he was right. And I've been thinking."

"Was it great, great effort?" asked Mrs. Peter 'Possum, who had been listening.

"Not as much of an effort as you might imagine it to be," said Peter.

"I've been thinking."

who was not in the least offended by Mrs. Peter's remark.

He knew that it was nothing to be offended at, because she didn't mean it rudely and then, too, she didn't think it was anything so fine to have a lot of thoughts. She was hoping Mr. 'Possum hadn't really gone to any great effort about thinking.

"No," he said again, "it was not such an effort as you might think it would have been. I thought how foolish it would have been to have changed our ways. Here we have always been the same. Our way of protecting ourselves is excellent. We know how to pretend we're not alive when a person comes across us. I know that I have been lifted up and I have acted as though there was no life in my legs and that I couldn't stand.

"That is the way I have acted and that is the best way to act. It would be foolish to change all that. But, along with little thoughts of this kind, I have been thinking how unfair it would be if we changed our ways."

"Unfair?" said Mrs. Peter 'Possum.

"Yes," he said, "unfair. That was my principal thought.

"I thought that it wasn't nice at all to change. Now we're the same always. We're not one way on Monday and acting differently on Tuesday. We're the same all the time. We can be depended upon for being the same, always, always, always. I don't like changes. I like things to remain as they are. The good old ways are good enough for me. And I like creatures to do the same. So do all Opossums. And my grandest and biggest thought was that it was really nice to think that, though others change, the Opossums will always be the same. Ladies may change their styles, gentlemen may change their cravats, animals may become improved in one way or another—learn more and so forth, but the Opossum family will never change.

"Why should we? We're satisfied. That's enough. So these were my thoughts."

"Good thoughts," said Mrs. Peter, "excellent thoughts, indeed."

Error in Judgment.

Little Bobby, who had been playing with a neighbor's daughter, came sobbing to his mother one day and declared that his playmate had pulled his hair.

"Why, Bobby," his mother gasped. "I thought she was such a nice little girl that she would never do a thing like that."

"So did I," wailed Bobby. "That's why I kicked her."

Lacked Lachrymal Restraint.

"Why, Bill, ye'r blubberin'," said a boy to his chum as they watched a pathetic picture unfold on the screen.

"Well," replied Bill, mopping his soppy eyes, "I like to see a person show a little feelin'."

"Feelin'?" said the first boy. "Feelin's all right, but ye don't need to wash yer face in it."—Boston Evening Transcript.

Anything Is Possible.

A little boy in a city school refused to sew, thinking it beneath the dignity of a ten-year-old man.

"George Washington sewed," said the principal, "taking it for granted that a soldier must; and do you consider yourself better than George Washington?"

"I don't know; time will tell," said the boy seriously.—Good Hardware.

SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

Now Recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Washington, D. C.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved me from an operation which a physician said I would have to have for a very bad case of female trouble. My system was all run down for two years after my little girl was born. Then I read of your wonderful medicine and decided to try it. I could hardly drag one foot after the other, and after taking six bottles of the Vegetable Compound I felt like a new woman. I now do all my housework, also washing and ironing, and do not know what real trouble is. My health is fine, and I weigh 140 pounds. When I started taking it I weighed 97 pounds. I gladly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to any one who is suffering from female trouble or is run down. You may use this testimonial for I am only too glad to let suffering women know what the Vegetable Compound did for me."—Mrs. Ida Hewitt, 1629 Penna. Ave. S.E., Washington, D.C.

Such letters from women in every section of this country prove beyond question the merit of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Shake Into Your Shoes

And sprinkle in the foot-bath Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic, healing powder for Painful, Swollen, Sweating feet. It prevents blisters and sore spots and takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Always use Allen's Foot-Ease to break in new shoes and enjoy the bliss of feet without an ache. Those who use Allen's Foot-Ease say that they have solved their foot troubles. Sold everywhere. Trial package and a Foot-Ease Walking Doll sent Free. Address Allen's Foot-Ease, Le Roy, N. Y.

Like Most Women.

I shall never forget the agony of it. I was looking at ribbons in a department store. Like most women, I have a habit of putting my purse on the counter in front of me while examining merchandise. Not finding what I wanted, I picked up what I thought was my leather handbag and walked a few steps away when I became aware that my own bag was swinging on my arm. Fearfully I looked to see what it was that I had picked up, and, to my horror, discovered I had picked up another woman's purse.—Exchange.

A man seldom has as big a bank balance as he wants acquaintances to believe he has.

BACK ACHY?

Lame and achy in the morning? Tortured with backache all day long? No wonder you feel worn out and discouraged! But have you given any thought to your kidneys? Weak kidneys cause just such troubles; and you are likely to have headaches, too, with dizziness, stabbing pains and bladder irregularities. Don't risk neglect! Use Doan's Kidney Pills. Doan's have helped thousands. They should help you. Ask your neighbor!

An Illinois Case

Fern Evett, miner, 105 Quaker St., Carverville, Ill., says: "My back was stiff and sore and ached nearly all the time. Sometimes it was a dull ache and then again it was a sharp, cutting one. The kidney secretions were highly colored. I heard about Doan's Kidney Pills, so I purchased some. They fixed me up O. K. and I have never had a return of the trouble."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any drugist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful, clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Salesman Wanted

Spare or full time. Easy sales. Pleasant work. Big commissions. Satisfaction guaranteed. Represent us and name your own income. Any kind of monument furnished in Granite or Marble. One of our men in Virginia made \$125.00 last month. You, too, can share in these big profits. Our proposition is a big money-maker. No experience needed. Write today for full particulars about our plan.

ETOWAH MONUMENT CO.
(Capital \$100,000.00) Atlanta, Ga.

DAISY FLY KILLER PLACED ANYWHERE ATTRACTS AND KILLS ALL FLIES. Nest, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over; will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Sold by dealers or 5 by EXPRESS, prepaid, \$1.25.

HAROLD BOMERS, 150 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Shave, Bathe and Shampoo with one Soap.—Cuticura

Cuticura Soap is the favorite for safety razor shaving.



GO TO HENSEL'S BIGGEST AND BEST SODA IN TOWN

Folks who have never tasted one may think we are making a big claim—but just ask the Boys, or better still come and order one of your favorite flavor also assorted brick cream, Eskimo Pie and Artic Sundaes. Orders taken for parties, weddings and picnics.

Don't forget your films for your Kodak
We will have them developed for you

Richard Hensel, Mokena, Ill.

Now Easier Than Ever to
Own a

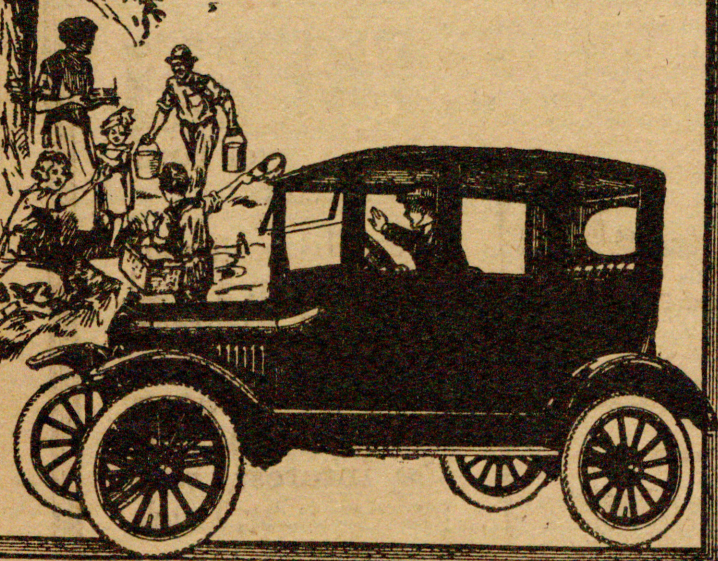
Ford
Through the
Ford Weekly Purchase Plan

\$5.00—will enroll you and start you on the way to ownership. We will put the money in a local bank, at interest. Each week make an additional payment. Soon your payments plus the interest paid by the bank will make the car yours.

So plan to get out into the fields and woods—down to the beach or stream—the family and you—in the Ford Sedan. It is ready for business or pleasure anytime you step into the driver's seat and put your foot on the starter button.

It is a car for all weather with real comfort for everyone. And now it is within your reach. Come in today—get full details.

W. R. Schussler
ORLAND, ILL.



INTERNATIONAL LIFE & TRUST COMPANY MOLINE, ILLINOIS

Do you want your home or some insurance to pay the mortgage?
"Life insurance is a storage battery that will work when the dynamo that gave it power is forever still."
Fred Goebel, District Manager, Tinley Park, Ill.

AGENTS:

George E. Gee, Orland, Ill. G. A. SANDSTROM, Lockport, Ill.
Herman Meyer, Homewood, Ill. John W. Muff, Matteson, Ill.

PALOS PARK

The Tenth Annual Palos Park Festival of Division four and five of Cook County, was held Friday, June 8th at the Palos Sharpshooters Park. The program began at 10:45 (Daylight Saving time) which was first the marching of all eighth grade pupils and graduates of the Orland Junior High School. After all had assembled on the pavilion the Thornton Township High School Band gave a selection. "America" was sung by all. Then diplomas were presented to the eighth grade graduates.

The graduates of Palos Park who received diplomas were: Dist. 121, Philip Burkhardt, John Steinfatt, Lester Utte, Ella Koehler, Hazel Cure, and Louise Hecht. Dist. 120 Harry Millington, Dist. 119 John Mohr. Dist. 118, Katherine Busch, Genevive Hart, John Quick, Myron Perry, and James McClaughry. E. J. Tobin, County Supt. of Schools gave the graduating address, "Illinois" was sung by all, after which Mr. Tobin presented diplomas to the Orland Junior High School graduates. Those who graduated from Palos Park are: Margaret Macaulay, Florence Laasch and Clarence Mahaffy.

A. E. Paul, Country Life Director led the group of graduates in their achievement song, also in the Cook County yell. Achievement credits were then awarded to those who had gained full achievement, those of Palos being James McClaughry, Ellen Koehler, Evelyn and Ethelyn Mahaffy. A banner was then presented to the Championship Base Ball Team, which honor fell to the Worth team. Mr. Mitchell, catcher and manager of the team received the banner for the team.

From 12 o'clock until one p. m. Picnic lunches were eaten by all. Several schools had their lunches together, while others ate in groups. At 1:15 the Grand Parade began

led by the Thornton Band. Schools followed in this order: ungraded schools led the parade beginning with the lowest district number.

Graded schools took places as designated by committee. The parade came up 123rd and passed in review of the judges who awarded 1st, 2nd and 3rd prize banners to graded and ungraded schools.

The schools were very prettily attired in different costumes and each represented some very unique ideas. Those that caught the eye particularly were Oak Lawn, which represented the 'OAK' by leaves of Oak and the 'Lawn' lettered very prettily on a sign Palos School District 118, were dressed in costumes, the girls representing red cross nurses and the boys soldiers. District 120 displayed the bride followed by her trail carriers, brides maids also fairies and others. Orland Park grammar school represented a flag while District 136 showed the quaint 'Quakers' which were very pretty. Palos Dist. 121 had a wagon containing fowl and and drawn by a pony. In their procession Evergreen Park had a large float. The children were dressed to represent Indians, Pilgrims, Quakers, Betsy Ross, George spinners and the Statue of Liberty. The children took their places on the float and acted their parts very well. The Orland High School were crowned with college hats which represented very well their position. Several other schools had some very good ideas displayed. The first prize banner was awarded to Evergreen Park 2nd prize to Lenora Halley's school of Orland, and third prize to the Weir school of Palos Irene Mitchell the teacher.

The rest of the afternoon was spent on the athletic field. Several boys and girls took part in the 50 yard dashes for different ages. Other athletic events were the boys running high jump, running broad jump, girls relay flag race, girls potato race, three legged race and

boys sack race. After the races were all over a ball game was played by the Orland Junior High school and the Argo High School. Orland was defeated by a score of 17-5.

Everyone said the festival was the best and most successful of its kind that has been held in the last few years.

Ed. Jedlicka had his tonsils removed last week at the Wabash Railroad Hospital at Decatur, Ill.

Master John Monroe, who has been selling and publishing copies of his magazine 'Palos in the spring' has a few copies left. He has succeeded wonderfully in this new attainment.

Mr. and Mrs. George Weeks entertained company from Chicago Sunday.

Work on the Oak Hill Golf Course is going on at a good rate. A nine hole course will be completed on the old Blake farm.

Boys of Palos called on the newly wedded couple, Andrew Braasch and Josephene Wagner last Thursday night at his home in a surprise affair. Several sticks of dynamite were blown up in an effort to make the bride appear. But she being tired failed to do so. The boys got some ice cream which was enjoyed at the Macaulay home at the expense of the couple.

Mr. and Mrs. Quinn attended the graduation of Ralph Johnson at the St. John's Academy of Wisconsin.

The Wolongum Club will be entertained Saturday evening at the home of Fredrick Monroe.

The Palos Improvement Club are planning on giving a show consisting of local talent. It will take place in a couple of weeks.

A high class and entertaining program was given Saturday evening, June 9 under the auspices of the Palos Improvement Club at the Club House. The program consisted of the Imperial Quartet of Chicago who gave several selections. The Imperial Quartet plays for records and can be heard from records any time

Ben Bensons trio gave some musical selections and Palos talent was also displayed in Mrs. Buck, soloist and Mr. S. J. Cassel, who gave several songs and readings in his able manner. The juice was turned on Saturday evening and everyone enjoyed it. All declared that the electric outfit was far superior to the gas outfit.

The West End Club met Thursday at the home of Mrs. G. Hermanson. A delightful time was had and lunch was served.

The Palos Woman's Club was entertained Thursday, June 7, at the home of Mrs. Ward. A delicious plate dinner was served to about 29 members at one dollar a plate. Mrs. Ward served her regular style dinner. Otto Schmidt left Saturday June 9 for St. Louis as a guest of the Banner Blue Lodge of Chicago to give aid and assistance to an official in getting his Masters Degree.

The ice cream stand of T. Mains on Keens Ave. was broken into one night last week. Fortunately Mr. Mains had his supplies at the house so nothing was taken except the 'Lucky' penny left in the cash register drawer.

Mrs. A. Robeson had a very interesting event happen Saturday when she discovered an animal in her chicken yard. Several of her chickens have been missed lately and others killed and torn to pieces.

But Saturday the victim met its death. It was a raccoon which Mrs. DeNova her neighbor shot. She hopes that no more raccoons come to visit her chicken yard.

Alice Mahaffy entertained several of her girl friends Sunday at dinner. They were: Ruth Loebe, Lili Kay, Lavon Kay, and Myrtle and Gladys Townsend of Orland. The girls had a jolly time, "golf" being the newest entertainment.

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